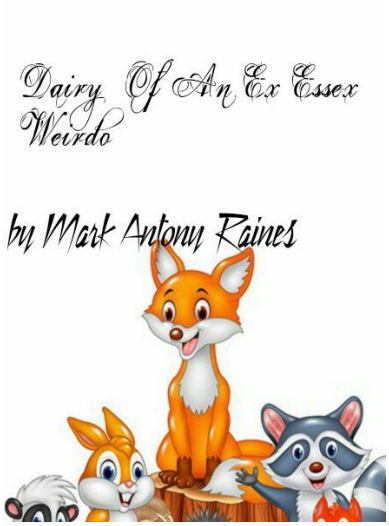

DIARY OF AN Ex ESSEX WEIRDO

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY MARK ANTHONY RAINES

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DEDICATION

To all the people I have met and mixed with, my Wife Enid, My mum and dad in heaven looking down on me.
My Step Children and Grandkids

Special Mention to people who have helped me
Jonathan Downes
Simon Rob.
All at Gésar Karate Club Holsworthy
HADAS Group Holsworthy
Holsworthy Leisure Centre
Bobby Gammonster

.....

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am writing this autobiography before my small vessel disease of the brain which affects my cognitive skills like memory gets the better of me, it may not but I can't predict the future.

It's hard to keep going and easier to give in.
Also a special mention Wikipedia for s help with formation.
Google Drive for letting me write and share files
Grammarly to help with spelling and of course grammar

.....

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Mark Antony Raines. I have been married since 1991 and had the pleasure of helping to raise 3 stepchildren and in turn 4 of their children.
I am an author and a cartoonist and an owner _presenter of Ghostman Radio Station available on Red Circle Podcast, Spotify, Radio Republic, Google Podcast, YouTube.

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Chapter 1

So you may be thinking why has this person decided to write his life in a book that is going to be in the form of a dairy. Well, I have a small vessel disease of the brain which affects my cognitive skills like memory.

I was born on a Sunday 13 th May 1962 to my parents Tony and Barbara Raines at Rochford Hospital in Essex. At the time they lived in a Maisonette but moved to Mendip Crescent and this where I stayed most of my first 30 years of my life.

I have only vague memories of my childhood and have to credit my late mother Barbra Anne Raines who helped fill in the gaps.

I liked to play on my milk float when I was little in the back garden. When I attended school at Our Lady of Lourdes Manchester Drive I was quite shy to the extent that when asked to play the role of Mark Antony for a class play I refused to kiss the girl and run out of the school. I remember all the girls wearing white plimsolls with Marc Bolan or T_Rex in black ink and the time I had rice crispy cake for pudding and as I bit into it chipped my tooth. Now I come to an event that has affected my life more than I thought bow that I have had time to reflect on it. I, along with a girl whose names I do not remember were called into the Headmistress office to be informed that we had been kept back a year for reasons I also forgot. Anyway to cut to the chase it meant I was always playing catch up. My Grandad worked as a caretaker at my primary school. We would visit our Grandparents on a semi-regular basis and on one trip on the way home if turned to wave goodbye and then walked headfirst into a lamppost: MY head I had a tennis ball like lump which really hurt.
Later in life, one of the hardest things I had to do was attend my dad's funeral.
My dads funeral brings back a few bad memories as this is when I had a major fall out with my oldest sister who walked out the car before the journey to Southend on Sea crematorium and shouted at me in the funeral car and I was made to carry my carrier bag into the service and at the wake, I felt like shit if my niece had not been there I would have left.
My mother's funeral I was determined to say some words about how much I missed her. I bottled out at my dads.

The thing I didn't like was my sister's boyfriend keeping his own about me not going too far due to my illnesses and his constant going on about gold radio.

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Chapter 2

I now move on to my time in St Thomas More High School for Boys. Most of my time spent here was pretty average apart from a few incidents which I tell you about in this chapter, hope you are not too bored yet. A mostly uneventful time apart from the following bits I can recall.

I used to get bullied whilst waiting in the dinner queue until one day I finally had enough and told them to leave me alone. Later the bullies cornered me and I ended up in a headlock but I stood my ground and was then afterwards left alone.

Sometimes the local rival school would turn up for a fight and the drama teacher would join in.

I also just about managed to escape the cane, back in then in the 70s corporal punishment was allowed, normally by using a thin bendy cane sacked over your hand, palms up, or on your backside or bum which made it very sore and unable to sit down for a while.

The reason for being in front of the headmaster in his office was that I and another boy were given the task of going to an elderly person's home to tidy up. their garden which we did at first.

On this occasion, I stupidly listened to the other boy and bunk off, did not attend, and went home early as I only lived around the corner.

The teacher in charge informed the headmaster who in turn called us separately. So there I was expecting the worst when the headmaster told me he was not going to give me the cane this time around as he knew my grandad as mentioned earlier in the book was a caretaker. I

learnt that data valuable lesson, don't be sheep be my own person good or bad and if I make a mistake to own up to it.

I ended up in remedial class to improve my English and maths, the class was mainly later back, one classmate brought in Queen a Night at the Opera and was a massive clash fan.

I got an award of book tokens for improvement in my English but not maths as not my scene man, sorry went all 60, a Hippy vibe, I brought a selection of James Bond books.

The summer of 76 was very very hot, but I still had to wear a blazer, tie, shirt, black trousers, sorry if black is probably politically incorrect in this time but that as it's colour if you have any complaints about this please file them in the planet Frase which is only a mere 20,0009 miles away yes the meaning of life is 42.

Oh yes, 1977 we got a day off a silver, maybe silver plated A Queens Jubilee coin list in the annals of time.

So I left school I think 1978 or 9 with the old C.S.E grades, English Grade 2, History Grade 2, Drama Grade 4, R.E Grade 4, Science Grade 4, Maths no grade, so it was out of the comfort of school life into the big rat race called life.

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Chapter 3

Yes that's get to my work memories bit, yes I did work from 1978-1988 in Essex then when I moved to Devon, reason for move later on in the book, I worked as a care worker and for one whole year was a deputy manager at a small care home, I have also done a fair bit of voluntary work, end of the boring bit, yes author get on with this book and stop being distracted, ok I try not replies me Mark the writer.

The first job I one I got was my bum pinched by the ladies when I bent while covering for stores.

I was asked to go to my very first concert due to a fellow worker's girlfriend was not interested and he had a spare ticket, that was to see Kate Bush, a great show with dances, songs, stage magic.

I nearly got beaten up by a fellow worker who was blind in one eye. I don't remember the reasons behind it but I think I said something not very nice.

I used to.pack the boxes ready for transport and got told off for making them heavy.

I was also introduced to Blondie and The Police as a fellow worker was a huge fan.

I went out one night for a drink with my fellow workers and accidentally pushed one into a spiked fence, luckily no damage was done.

Time to move on to my next job was in a factory that made brushes, I think I was in the Guinness world records book as I was a member of the brushmakers union, only 13 in number, I only joined to get an extra 3 pounds a week I clocked in before 7 am.

I was the tea boy come, labourer, one of my jobs I loved until the forklift arrived was stacking bags of plastic granules of different varieties, weighing 25 kg each or 55 lb in rows of 4 0 which equals I think 1 ton.

I was never very good at making the tea, as for the labouring side I was meant to help my boss deliver items over to the other side of the factory but this was a rare event plus due to my shyness back then I found it difficult being around women.

Most people thought I may be gay at this time did to this time as I had no girlfriend, the only real stand out moments are few but I think one made me more aware of it people were telling the truth or just playing you for a fool, hence why I think I never realised how paranoid I am until I started to write my autobiography.

I was told by one of the store people that I was going to be promoted to stores as I mentioned this was total hogwash.

I used to clean up where the plastic bags were stacked and one of this was to remove the wooden stairs hasten to say I forgot to tell people and yet again nearly got beat up, perhaps I have an unlucky face, haha.

This also the time I experienced how mortal we as humans are, as one day one worker who regularly went to his home for dinner did not return due to having a massive heart attack and dying.

I also became interested more into music and went to a gig by one of the employees by the name of Jeff I forgot his band's name.

One day I came into work after drinking the night before 3 shots in a row of southern comfort after which I tried to climb in a chimney got a bit abusive and woke up in my bed looking like

death warmed up, in the cafeteria, I passed out and had to put my head in between my knees and drink plenty of water.

"Just a little intermission from my autobiography, I would understand if you decided wow this is dull I wish I had not read it On kindle or brought from Amazon marketplace. So just give me a bad review and save others from this exciting tale, end of intermission back to the real writing, thanks to all that have decided to carry on and read this book.

So fast forward to the next employer which was a company selling measurement devices, I was at first the odd job man then cleaner.

I was working away one day when I went around the corner when I saw all the fellow employees lined up for fire drill, I was asked. why I was not in attendance I informed them I did not hear it.

I witnessed the electrician trying to redo some electricity but got a sudden jolt and was thrown off his ladder onto the hard ground. He was ok but a bit shook.

Whilst I was in this job I experienced my first anxiety attack, I was shaking, sweating and had an overwhelming feeling to get out of the cafeteria but I rode it out.

I had two minor accidents during my time at mins above mentioned, the first one being when I crossed the road whilst not looking, I got hit by a car, did a somersault in the air and.landed on the road. I went to the hospital where I was told I was very lucky and just bruised my hip.

The second was I fell off my moped grazing my knee.

It's near the end of my employment history well at least in my years in Essex,1962-1988, and my last two jobs where I met some real characters whom I will not name.

My second to the last job in Essex was working as a labourer in a factory that produced furniture items like doors. It was here I met a 6ft 7in skinhead who liked to dress as a woman and was a renowned ex-football hooligan and a Chelsea supporter to boot.

He would take the piss out of me, slack off by going for extended toilet breaks.

" Tell the reader about the punk band concert and time showed pictures of wife to be"

"I will do but I just realised I have made a boo, I forgot to mention about my time On the arcades on Southend -On Sea seafront, damn small vessel disease of the brain which affects my cognitive skills like memory."

" Hurry up and get on with it you fool! "

"Ok I am going to, I did want you I can go off tangent did I not"

"👌".

Yes, one day while doing my usual routine of waiting on the bit of green by MacDonald s I met up with a friend of a friend who was a singer in a local rock band who mentioned he was going to London to attend a Punk Rock Band Competition and I said I go along for moral support.

The Completion did not start until 8 Pm and Finished about 1 A m, I got home at 5 Am then went straight to work from 7 AM to Midday, I was like something out of a Zombie genre film.

I made the mistake of showing pictures of my wife to be to my fellow workers and I was ribbed mercifully for how she looked.

Yes, I did short term work down the arcades on Southend _On -Seafront, right near the end by one of the roughest pubs in Essex, people were known to be thrown out the window, we had two bouncers who worked on a Saturday night.

I was asked once when carrying two bags of loose change in copper and brass if want would I do if their to.the by an I was carrying I replied I doubt if there could run very far with the bags were heavier than they looked.

I met a man who liked to be called Stud who would tell me of his adventures, how true I don't know.

I used to steal money to pay for my lunch which was usually something and chips.

I just had another flashback you lucky people, at my first job I attended an all-night, every Elvis Presley film ever made due to the fact I was scared shitless of stores labourer I want with, he was a by of a rockaBilly who was built like a brick shit house.

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Chapter 4

How I met my wife Enid.

This a true story about love found, tested, endured and most of all still going strong.

Some of the characters names have been changed but the rest is as true as recounted to the author by the parties involved.

Love is like a butterfly

As soft and gentle as a sigh

The multicoloured moods of love are like its satin wings

Love makes your heart feel strange inside

It flutters like soft wings in flight

Love is like a butterfly, a rare and gentle thing

Dolly Parton

Back Street Heroes (est. 1983) is a monthly UK custom bike magazine that helped to popularize a “new breed” of custom motorcycle, distinct from previous choppers because they combined rat bike-influenced utilitarian and minimalist design with greater use of high tech gadgetry, but catering to an upscale buyer in the Robb Report demographic."

Back Street Heroes “celebrates the sex, drugs and rock ‘n’ roll, black leather, long hair and open exhausts aspect of motorcycling, targeting, like its US counterpart Easyriders, the “hardcore” niche. It is one of a handful of biker magazines that included fiction until 2016. The magazine tied together geographically isolated enthusiasts of biker culture by keeping them up to date on custom bike mechanical techniques and styles, and motorcycle rallies, as

well related cultures, such as biker music and their music. All this earned the magazine credibility with the mainstream press on the subject of outlaw motorcycle clubs.

Ian ‘Maz’ Harris, PhD, founder of the Bulldog Bash rally and spokesman for the Hells Angels, was a regular contributor. Another Hells Angel, Brian ‘Moke’ Thompson, was also featured in the magazine. L. J. K. Setright contributed technical articles, and Paul Sample’s Ogri cartoon moved to Back Street Heroes in 2009 for a short while (ceased in 2012), after 35 years at Bike.

Wikipedia.

Like many, I thought love would not come my way. I grew but shy around women and some thought I may have been battling for the other side.

I don’t know why but perhaps Cupid was sitting on a cloud thinking this poor chap has to sort himself out I give him a little nudge.

The nudge being I thought why not put myself up for sale in a local bikers magazine called Back Street Heroes.

Something along these lines [For sale one hippy-like biker looking for love if interested please contact.....!

So our searcher for romance says back thinking if he would.get any response to his pleas.

Back then I was wearing a leather jacket and denim cut off over it covered in badges relating to heavy metal music and biking culture despite the fact the only bike I rode and have ridden a moped, pretty sad.

Ark got three replies from his advert in the magazine Back Street Heroes.

Sue, Mandy, Crystal to which he kindly replied to their messages and slowly dip his toe into sparking up conversations with them to get to know them and they get to know him.

Crystal was based in Aylesbury and was looking for a relationship with someone a bit older and was a massive Bros fan.

Sue was based in Camelford, Cornwall and Mandy wanted to just talk over the telephone rather than write letters.

So I decided to see Crystal first and after some conversations, I plucked up the courage to visit her in Aylesbury.

I was still drawn more to Sue but I wanted to see if I could conquer my shyness and take that chance.

I went to Aylesbury by train and met Crystal at the railway station, we said hi, and I could sense in the back of my mind a nagging doubt I had done something wrong.

It did not help that I could see a sense of disappointment on her face.

I tried to strike up a conversation but she talked mostly about her ex-boyfriend and her love of Bros. I was really regretting coming but the next train home was not until morning.

So I was forced to stay the night sleeping on a stranger’s floor but that was not until we went to a house I did not know where I was told to wait in the car and Crystal and her friend went inside the house and came out with some possessions they're said was Crystal s.

The next day I was just ambling about waiting to go home. We went to a nearby pub where ideas were introduced to her ex-boyfriend who gives me the evils.

I then realised I was being used to make Crystals ex-boyfriend jealous so I made a minimum enough made my excuses about train may be early and went home, putting this experience down to as my first attempt.

I remember having a restless night and making sure I slept with my money inside my jacket, lucky I did as I heard someone creeping around and a hand feeling the trouser pockets I just remained still pretending to be asleep, this person soon went away.

That's now moving on to the person I thought was a lady named Mandy who used to ring me up at the gym, at the time I was living in my local gym, at first I slept in the sauna then got offered a room upstairs with a shared kitchen.

Mandy seemed alright on the phone but the conversations were starting to get a bit fruity so I decided to say I rather keep.it at a tamer level.

Then one day I became suspicious as Her voice started to go from high pitches to a bit guffer then I heard laughter in the background, making me laugh then I realised to my shock that Mandy was a man pretending to be a woman to wind me up.

Not my greatest moment.

The third was at this time of my life in known as Sue but later it was known by her real name of Enid.

I would write letters regularly and we would talk on the phone for ages.
Then I decided to go and meet up with her in Bodmin, Cornwall which back in then was an 8-hour journey by coach from Southend on Sea; Essex; I believe I got a 3-day ticket.
Way way way later I arrived in Bodmin in my leather jacket covered in badges, that part comes later in my book; my cut off denim jacket which too had various badges and patches relating to British bikes; Heavy Metal and Punk bands and I had a bandana on my head plus a goat-like Jesus beard on my face; I looked every inch of a would-be biker come hippie come Hells Angels not a look everyone can pull off in life.
So here it was an Essex lad in almost a foreign land with a strange dialect I. E local saying things alright my bird.
I went into one of the local pubs to ask some questions and was told in no uncertain terms that my sort was not welcomed in this establishment so I just turned around and muttered under my breath and went back outside.
I and Sue then met up later and stayed in Bed and Breakfast for the night, nudging to say no more.
Then I returned home and we carried on calling each other then I saw her a second time. Yet again it was in Bodmin and my favourite memories of that time we're sitting on the swings in the park talking about various things and Sue revealing her real name was Enid and she was married and had three children. Yes I was shocked when I heard this news but it did not scare me off.
Sometime in August of the year 1986, I made one of the biggest decisions in my life, I decided to go to be with Enid in Cornwall at the time I did not even inform my parents, I did some three years later.
So my adventures in Devon began and that another chapter.
…… ……..

Chapter 5

Devon is if you went to my school was as told by my geology teacher is the near the pig's trotters end, image if you can that England is like an old man carrying a pig to market hence reference to pigs Trotter, are you confused I suggest the dear reader that you look it up on Google Maps it be easier.
Devon at first to an ex Essex lad was a bit slow and as I mentioned earlier has its own dialect which after many years living here I finally understand and I myself have picked up a few words but if I start swearing it's pure Essex.
It was hard being in Devon at first and wanting to be with Enid.
I experience numerous events so I put them in a sort of list form, there may be some you as the reader may think are made up but my aim is to be brutality truthful in my Memoir as much as I can legally and morally do, so here go folks.
The following list is not in order it's just as I remember them as I am typing using the Gamer keyboard on my smartphone.

1.

Had to hide from her husband s friends in a cold field while Enid was telling them I was not around, ps here husband friends we're not people you would pick a fight with.

2.
Spent the night in Wadebridge near the Royal Cornwall Showground then had to move on

3.

Spent a couple of times in caravan sites and in one I suffered a severe asthmatic attack, one was in Padstow, Cornwall with the kids, sorry not going to mention the children's names as not fair in them.

4.
We stayed in a pub come Bed and Breakfast and we're asked with no notice to please, go, the owner was reinforcing his point with one of the cooks holding a large heavy rolling pin.

5.

We stayed in quite a few places before arriving in Holsworthy, Devon, most of that was due to my wife's ex-partner making things a bit hard for us.

6.

We were in Ilfracombe for a year, it was the closest we got to a holiday and yet again we stayed in a local Bed and Breakfast. We would sneak back food is Fish and Chips, Pizzas, Burgers as the food was not great.
It was here I used to help someone pick up scrap metal from various places to go to Barnstaple to get it weighed and paid for. To this day I have an old fashioned 56 lb weight which was used to weigh potatoes I think, I use it as a weight in weightlifting exercises.
It was also here I experienced one of my worst moments of losing the plot, whilst helping to break down a black cab for scrap someone accidentally caught my hand in the door, I, in turn, got verbally aggressive and threatened them with a hatchet.
We used to have to walk up and down a very steep road to get to the local school.
We found a little alcove with a nice Beach which was pretty quiet most of the time the kids loved it. I have photos of me showing off picking up a heavy rock.
It was here that I asked to marry Enid at the local job Center, yes I did get down on one knee, these days I probably struggle to get back up.

7.

Another time I personally believe that fate may have had a play in how things played out was when we had to go to Barnstaple in a police van, I was dropped off somewhere in town and unknown to me at that peculiar moment, Enid and one of the children was taken to the Battered Wives Unit.

I had to sleep rough in some bushes for two nights due to fact I had no place to stay, it was cold, scary and very lonely, I walked along thinking what was I going to do, and I was feeling very down and thought I would never see Enid and her child again.
I was walking along when suddenly around the corner I saw Enid and her child walking around. When we met we became overwhelmed with emotion.
I told Enid about sleeping rough and she managed for me to stay in Local Bed and Breakfast, I think I must have a thing for Bed and Breakfast s,
I did not like the Bed and Breakfast as there took all my money if you decided to argue you had the owners son to reckon with and he was a boxer who was definitely on the juice, steroids.
Fun side notes my wife to be Enid used to like going to the local benefits office and throw peanut a at the window and generally make herself a real pain in the arse until finally there give in and give her what she wanted and asked her to never visit again.

8
.
During my time in Devon whilst Enid's Ex-Husband was alive, she attended the court hearing and in all the local courts in the area. The children even had to go to see someone about access, he had them for an hour a week and only had to pay the sum of 5 pence towards looking after them, we had a cheque once for that amount according to the children he would just drive somewhere and stop for an hour then come back. On one occasion he pushed this to the limit and Enid reacted by threatening him with an axe, he did not late again.
Finally, we went to Truro Cornwall, the main criminal justice system court even has cameras in the toilet a, where I was called to the stand as well as my wife to be. He wanted the house more than the children so divorce was decided upon.
I had meant Enid's family, sadly her mum, dad, one her sisters are now in the stars looking down at us. It took some time with Enid's mother but I was finally accepted in the end.

9.

Time to skip a few years but before I do I tell you of a time when we lived in a cottage near Bridgerule and we were only getting about 70 pounds a week as I was not signing on at Enid's request. It was here we nearly came to an impasse, as Enids was having doubts about our situation but we managed to somehow talk it through.
The longest place we stayed at was in Bideford, Devon which was great until the new neighbour a arrived, to say I did not like them was an understatement. We got in ok until one night without any warning they were rebuilding their kitchen until 3 in the morning. So the next day I accidentally kicked their front fence down and made some idle threats and to my undying shame my reactions were on reflection quite bad, I threw items in their garden to piss them off. I was then wrongly questioned by the police about leaving tablets by their front door although some were by our door as well I for the second time in my life got a police caution.

10.

We got married at Holsworthy register's office on 15-07-1991, the office of the register no longer exists, we had a reception at a local pub I choose the music, the soundtrack from the movie The Blues Brothers.
That's all I can recall at this moment the rest is far too boring to include or I don't remember it clearly to put in this book.
The next chapter is going to be quite serious and just a touch of my sense of dark humour.
……...

Chapter 6

Sometimes in life, we come across the darker side of life, mine was quite dark and I like to advise if you feel the same way to seek help and talk to someone.
Lyrics of this song from the show M.A A.H the version on BBC2 without the really annoying canned laughter, I am have never been sure how you capture people laughing perhaps someone stands next to them with a big net awaiting the moment the slightest sense of giggle is heard.
So I think this song says it all.

Through early morning fog, I see
Visions of the things to be
The pains that are withheld for me
I realize and I can see
That suicide is painless
It brings on many changes
I can take or leave it if I please
That game of life is hard to play
I'm gonna lose it anyway
The losing card of some delay
So this is all I have to say
That suicide is painless
It brings on many changes
I can take or leave it if I please
The sword of time will pierce our skin
It doesn't hurt when it begins
But as it works its way on in
The pain grows stronger, watch it burn
That suicide is painless
It brings on many changes
And I can take or leave it if I please
A brave man once requested me
To answer questions that are key

Is it to be…

Yes, very powerful words and back in the year of 1986 I had just broken up with my first ever girlfriend and I took it very badly.
During this year I did 2 accounts of criminal damage, I was sentenced to a year's probation.

Thanks to my friend Wikipedia for the following information.

Probation Definition: A punishment is given out as part of a sentence which means that instead of jailing a person convicted of a crime, a judge will order that the person reports to a probation officer regularly and according to a set schedule. The testing, examination or trial of a person during a period of time.

I also had to see someone as I had severe depression.

Also during this dark year in my life I felt on two occasions I no longer wanted to be part of the human race and no one really cared so I tried to take my own life on two occasions, both attempted overdoses of pills, I would say tablets but some readers may think I meant the electronic ones most people use as easier than laptops.
The first time I tried to suicide was straight after I broke up with my first girlfriend who I found I was the third person in the relationship so I got very upset and no longer wanted to be in this world, so I took a whole box of Paracetamols and wandered around East London for that is where I was at the time, like most people who are suicidal I could not go through it, I managed to ring for an ambulance from the phone box, mobile phones in the eighties were like carrying a brick around in your pocket and had very limited range and also way out of my price.
I was taken to the Royal London Hospital where I had my stomach pumped out and told by a nurse that suicide can look like the easy way out but it affected the loved ones you left behind plus it can become a bad habit.
The second time was when I was living in Southend -on the sea, Essex, this time yet again I felt I could not cope with the world so I again took an overdose of tablets, this is where I somehow ended up in Southend Hospital having my stomach pumped again.
I am not very proud of this period in my life as it affected me for a long time as I may have already written I had the word suicidal on my records for a long time.
I think it's important for me to include it in my book as I just wanted to tell people please if you find yourself in this situation find someone who you can talk too.

……

Chapter 7

The other event I had in my life changed my ideas about faith and sparked my interest in the world of the paranormal.

Some years ago I was feeling really ill, sick, dizzy, drinking lots and I was getting very sick and confused. , The following information is by accounts from my wife Enid as I have no memories of this event, my wife called the Doctor who said at first it was just an infection in my ears causing it to me to feel unbalanced and have a feeling like being seasick.
My wife was not happy and seeing I was getting worse rung up again and made him come out.
When the Doctor arrived he found me in a very confused state and slipping in and out of being conscious, he smelt my breath which smelt sweet and he then called for an ambulance service to come to our house.
The Ambulance arrived and tried to take my blood sugar count but at first, none could be found. Later I had a blood count of 124, which to my knowledge is still a record at North Devon Hospital, Barnstaple, Devon and a case study who a person can survive this event and live, I was taken to North Devon Hospital to Emergency Ward than to Intensive Care Unit where I was put in an induced coma for 3 weeks.
My wife said at my side and was told to expect the worst, she even slept in the hospital and went without medication for a few days.
Whilst in my coma I heard a woman's voice I had not heard before or since telling me to wake up, I then had the most overwhelming need to be awake I have ever had.
I awoke to a breathing apparatus and the sound of alarms going off.
After some time I was sawing a consultant who told me I was Diabetic and I was going to have to be on insulin for a while.
To cut this short I was allowed to go back home, I had relearned how to walk again as my muscle strength in my legs was weak to not using them while in my coma.
Time passed and went from insulin to metformin to diet control.
These days although I am classified as Diabetic, I get my eyes checked yearly and blood tests, my blood sugar count is low.
So you have read about my near-death experience and I also whilst in my coma was not in this realm or the next hence the nickname I renamed myself" Ghostman"
Side note my original nickname person s Dragon which I have to tattoo an on my body, why Dragon, no I did not go around stealing maidens and eating them, or breath fire or have a hidden treasure trove in some deep dark damp cave.
It's just a bit of a boring old fart and tends to sometimes talk too much hence Dragon but I just put a twist on it and said it was a bit fiery sometimes.

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Chapter 8

Just in case you may think dear reader, well the one who bothered to buy the book or read it free in Kindle app, by the way, thank you, I am going to tell you in this next chapter about my other illnesses that have changed my life in some shape or form.
So as they would say in a fairy story, once upon a time.

Whilst I was walking along the road back in 2003, living in Bideford at the tie and working, yes despite rumours yes I did work once, as I was merrily walking along my arm clipped a wing mirror of a speeding car, the person did stop at the time to check if I was ok.
The next day I was up at the local supermarket when suddenly I was feeling like the room was spinning. The lights were very bright and I had to go home.
This carried on for a long time I had to stop working and after numerous trips and appointments to the doctors, it was then sent to see a consultant at North Devon District Hospital where after scans, tests I was diagnosed with Neurological Problems and put on 300mg for Gabapentin. This condition does not improve and on occasions has moments of being worse. Mo st of me I feel dizziness; like coming off a playground wheel after it has gone around fast
The second illness is slightly unknown to most people. England's better information is av ble the good United States of America.
I was having trouble with my memory; writing; speech and getting confused.
I did a test in Barnstaple, Devon and the report came back that I have mild small vessel disease of the brain which is not accepted by most as I not considered ill and too this day my condition affects my cognitive skills daily.
As three is a special number ie deaths of famous people in threes; well here is my third or I suppose it's really 5 th as I mention bout as suicidal and told I was depressed.
I have O.C.D"Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder; not the one most expect the cleaning kindly, no my O.C.D has like an octopus has many tentacles.
For my shame I put the blame on my mum which is wrong of me back on reflection; I think it began when I was Collecting Joe 90 Badges and suddenly the promotion stopped and I got really upset.
Thanks to Wikipedia again. .Joe 90 is a British science-fiction television series created by Gerry and Sylvia Anderson and filmed by their production company, Century 21, for ITC Entertainment. It follows the exploits of nine-year-old schoolboy Joe McClaine, who becomes a spy after his adoptive father invents a device capable of recording expert knowledge and experience and transferring it to another

human brain. Armed with the skills of the world's top academic and military minds, Joe is recruited by the World Intelligence Network (WIN) as its "Most Special Agent".

With OCD I can become a bit like a version The Incredible Hulk; no I don't turn a shade green or my bulk up to massive muscles "I wish" instead I really really aggressive and very paranoid which n me across as scary: am better an I was as I learned my triggers and I am now trying my best to be a better version of me.

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Chapter 9

Well, that takes a break from me and go to my rock, the person who makes sure I don't do really stupid stuff and if I do makes me aware never to do it again.
Yes I am talking about the person with baby toes; small hands and is only 5 ft 1 the 1 being very important when you're tiny; my little cornish maiden Enid.
The one time I got really scared about her health; she has many medical problems s; when she got an infection on her hips which spread to her stomach. She kept telling the district nurses that she was feeling unwell but was ignored until she was giving off a smell of rotten flesh.
The matron was called in who then rang for an ambulance.
Enid had to have 5 operations on her stomach and did receive a phone call to expect the worst.
She was put on a machine that was like a vacuum pump that we called Fred and she had to be catheterized over 5 times not pleasant and still affects her today as she suffers from incontinence.
We firmly believe; not scientifically proven that a recliner she sat in caused the infection properly due to dye used in leather as once she refused to use it this stopped.
I found this information about leather used on furniture via Google search.
"The substance, called dimethyl fumarate (DMF), is so toxic that those who come into contact with it should wear protective glasses and clothing."
So we may be right; I am wondering how many people have been affected.
Due to my wife's various problem s she has to use a special bed which helps her to recline up which means for some time we have been sleeping in separately which at first was very hard but don't get me wrong we always try to say I love you; good night; big kiss before we go to sleep.

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Chapter 10

It's strange how you can get into a hobby or sport via some sort of weird fate or just getting to know someone via talking to them.
So this is the chapter to find out how I got into cryptozoology; podcasting; weightlifting; being an author and a cartoonist; how I became a horror host; how I got into martial arts and probably some others I may remember as I write.
"Did you know it's a myth that goldfish have a short term memory.
"Goldfish Do Not Have a Three Second Memory. ... In fact, goldfish actually have very good memories for fish. They can be trained to respond to various ways to certain colours of light; different kinds of music; and other sensory cues."Thanks again to a Google search; at this rate if I keep mentioning Google and Wikipedia I may get a commission but I doubt that.
I would like to apologise in advance to you the reader of this book "Yet again thanks for Buying or reading free "as I may be a bit like Auntie Beeb
"The British Broadcasting Corporation is a British public service broadcaster. Its headquarters are at Broadcasting House in Westminster, London. It is the world's oldest

national broadcaster, and the largest broadcaster in the world by number of employees. Wikipedia"
I.E repeat myself as I may have mentioned some things in previous chapters.
That starts with my interest in the one thing I have tried to keep the most consistent in my life and that is Weightlifting.
I entered my first gym back in I think it was either 1984 or 1985 and at first, I did a rotation of just going around doing a series of light exercise then it was suggested to me by the owner "A man who was known as Peewee but could easily have entered the field of strongman "why not try my hand at bodybuilding.
So I decided to give it a go and I was at my Peak. I had 18-inch arms and was able to deadlift 330 lbs off the floor and carry a short walk in the gym.
I also was able to enter a powerlifting competition in 1987; I came last but at least I tried.
I still do weights but mostly 1 day a week in my local Leisure centre in Holsworthy and 1 day a week with a 56 lb weight at home "I think I mentioned I acquired this weight from a scrapyard and it's been with me since 1990;s"
My journey into martial arts probably started due to my love of Bruce Lee and Kung Fu and I first attempted it in the gym while attending Southend on Sea.
My first real martial art was in Northam, Devon when I learnt about Earth and Ocean a combination of Chinese martial arts. ...Earth and Ocean martial arts Facebook
I attended regularly and I even went to one of the gradings; which I joined in and did my best to keep up and for my hard graft and showing spirit I was awarded a yellow belt; my very first one and I still have the certificate to prove it.
My next was a form of Tai Chi but the martial arts side which again was in Northam and taught by an expert in Karate.
Now I move on a bit "You can skip this chapter if you like I know this bit is probably the most boring in my autobiography but it's important to me"
The next was whilst I lived in Woolfardisworthy or know by most Woolsery.
At the local Hall an Aikido club. Link To Aikido club sent up for a short while due being part of a sports England group; I was the only person from Woolsery that attended.
Years later I remeet them at Holsworthy was their set up in the same way; I did attend a workshop but I was the least graduate there ie all the rest were mainly Black Belts but I did get a better idea of the martial arts.
So we moved to Holsworthy and was looking around when I noticed a poster for a karate club called Gésar Karate..Gésar Karate Facebook Page so I checked the days and times and where to go and decided to give it a go.
I don't really know what impression I gave when I went through the door the first time with a crutch in my right arm and earrings in my ear.
The sensi greeted me and I said I like to give this style of martial arts and go and I attended regularly one day a week normally a Wednesday and liked the fact I was just Mark and here to learn.
I did a few gradings and my last one at present was Green Belt Grade 2 which involved 2 bouts of Radori_it refers to a form of practice in which a designated Student
defends against multiple attackers in quick succession without knowing how they will attack or in what order.
I had to leave in 2019 due to fact I suffered a major flare-up of my illness.

"I was walking along when suddenly I could not walk in a straight line; if you saw me you think I was slightly drunk so I decided to change things in my life.
It was very upsetting to me to give it up at the time as I enjoyed the camaraderie and hard work. But recently I have recovered and been taken off a meditation which was making my dizziness more extreme and to my wife's dismay and bit of disapproval I have gone back to Gésar Karate but I doing it at a set pace and no randori at this time and I keep going until my body or mind can no longer do it "😟I am as I type this 57 and 58 in may 2020 and of course depending when you brought or read on Kindle app I be older"
My journey into getting into cryptozoology and being a cartoonist are with the same man I met in Woolsery by the name of Jonathan Downes. .Cfz website. .learn more about Cryptozoology
I was looking for some local volunteers to work so I did a search online for anything in Woolsery when I saw that a group based in Holsworthy called C.F.Z .."Centre of Fortean Zoology" I asked if I could be a volunteer.
I arrived at some gates that looked not misplaced out of a gothic horror film with squeaky creaks to add to the effect.
I then walked into garden were in was meant by Jon; if stood erect I reckon he is about 6 ft 7 and has long hair and a long beard and a bit of a hippie and his friend for many years Richard Freeman who is modern-day Explorer is looking for possible cryptids; Author; a proud Yorkshireman and look s like a poor man's version of "Alexei David Sayle is an English stand-up comedian, actor, author and former recording artist, and was a central figure in the British alternative comedy movement in the 1980s. He was voted the 18th greatest stand-up comic of all time on Channel 4's 100 Greatest Stand-ups in 2007. In an updated 2010 poll, he came 72nd. Wikipedia"
We had a chat about Cryptozoology and how once you get into the subject you are hooked.
I then proceeded to do some basic gardening work and pick up dog poop. " I once wrote a song about picking up dog poop and put in my bio "
I helped out on a couple of times setting up C.F.Z event Weird Weekend which is now run by Glen up north.
This is where at one such event I was awarded a certificate and a plastic monkey painted gold.
The cartoon part came along as I like to try to draw cartoons and I know Jon published an online magazine Gonzo Weekly magazine. My cartoons are normally near the back.
So I asked if he would put them in the magazine and as he is the editor he agreed.
How I became an author is I have a friend who has interviewed many times on my podcast shows and read an excerpt from his books.
That person is Simon Rob or S.Rob
"S Rob is a professional occult consultant and author. S Rob's books have been read in many different countries and have clients who have sought his occult services worldwide. S Rob is a top paranormal expert on all aspects of the occult.
Check out Occult books by S.Rob
S Rob occult consultant author, psychic witch horror host; who I ask if I could be a couple of authors in a book with him.
The book is available on Amazon and I wrote about the martial arts side and did cartoon illustration s

Why not read or buy Cartoon Occult Martial Arts by S.Rob and Mark Raines

I am forever grateful for this change as it inspired me to be an Author.

I first wrote and published on Smashwords and after some time and a lot of confusion on my part about how to do Kindle Direct I am now a published author on Amazon.

It ok I coming to near the end of this book just a little bit more and as Bugs Bunny would say "That's all folks"

Being a horror host happen by me doing my strangest podcast interview ever with a horror host by the name of Bobby Gammonster: we had no sound or picture it was all done via text but it did lead to me asking if I could be a guest on his horror show ..Follow link to see my first outing as a horror host.

...Bobby Gammonster Monster Movie Night. Vault of Horror with me Mark Antony Raines as Guest host.

Since then I have gone to produce 3 different types of Horror Host podcast shows and YouTube videos which if you are interested you can listen to and watch on my YouTube channel.

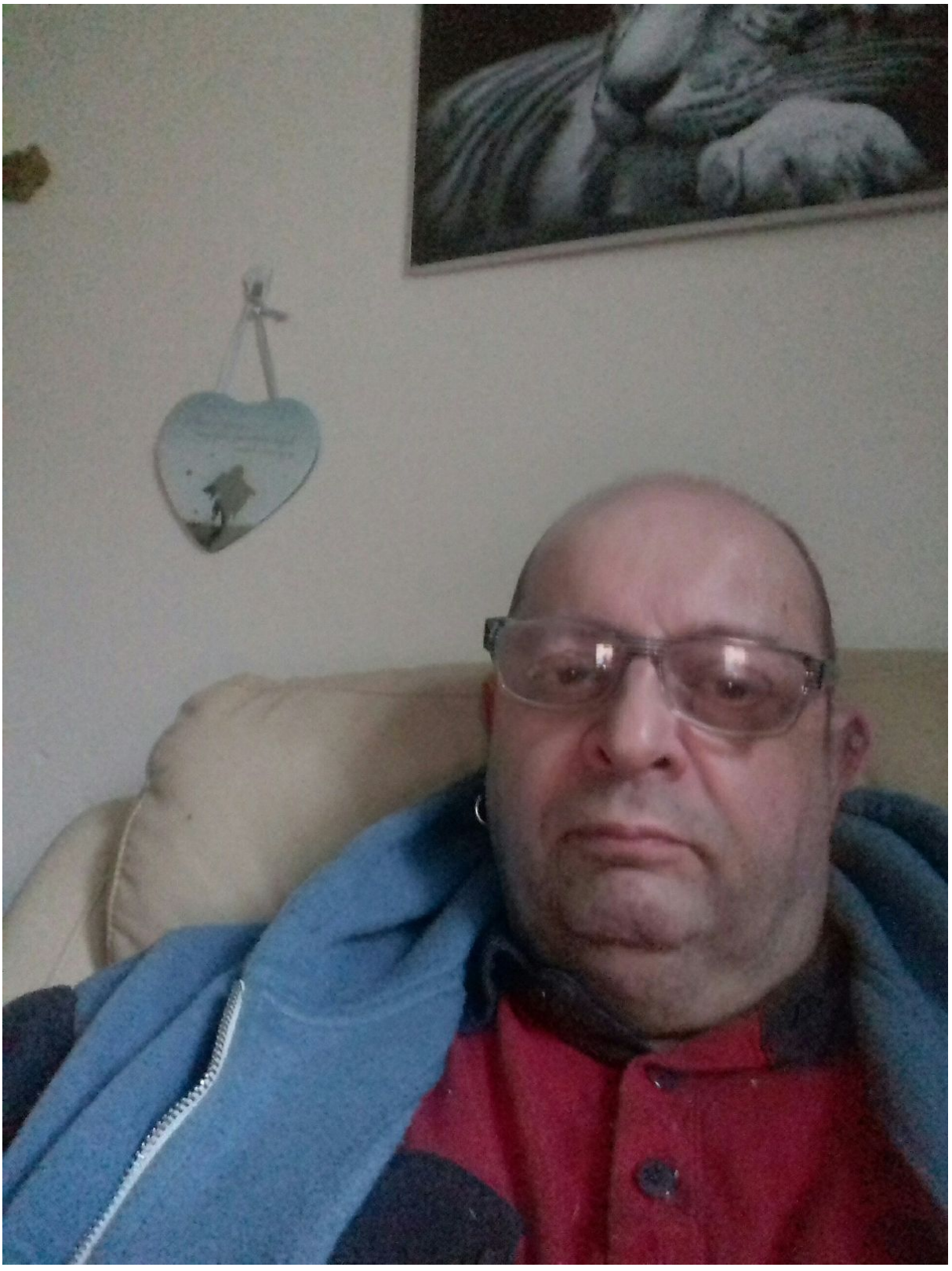
The first one was Ghostman horror host which I am for a video dressed in a clown mask "I was informed to tell you not to try this at home just leave to idiots like myself.

The second was Horror for all which I did briefly and now I have better video production and write some of my own horror tales or put on ones available on Public Domain and this is called Freddy the Freak Horror Host Present s.

Freddy the Freak Horror Host Present s Facebook.

So this is the last of the last bits of the book; I am surprised that you the reader made it this far and did not put my book in b for the bin or delete it or give it a rotten tomato.

"Rotten Tomatoes is an American review-aggregation website for film and television. The company was launched in August 1998 by three undergraduate students at the University of California, Berkeley: Senh Duong, Patrick Y. Lee, and Stephen Wang. Wikipedia"
So I was trying my hand at doing video but did not get on with it so I decided to have a go at podcasting which I did in 2017 I have been Holsworthy mark Podcast show; Mark Antony Raines Podcast Radio Station; and now I am Ghostman Radio Station available on Red Circle Podcast, Spotify, Radio Republic, Google Podcast, YouTube; I Heart radio; Stitcher.;Audiomack.com.
I on my anchor FM I reached over 50 thousand downloads and when I left my podbean account due to money I had 25 thousand downloads, not bad as I have always done my podcast via a smartphone and Amazon Fire Tablet.
So this is my life the good the bad the ugly and the boring bit s as well; yes I know I not famous but did not Andy Warhol once say "Andy Warhol's words "In the future, everyone will be world-famous for 15 minutes", which appeared in the program for a 1968 exhibition of his work at the Moderna Museet in Stockholm, Sweden."
So this mine so goodbye and thanks for the fish.
Mark Antony Raines.



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Side note

I forgot to mention my proudest moment in my life when I attended my little sister's wedding and had to walk her down the aisle due to our father looking down from heaven.